It is a Good Servant, But a Bad

ONE FOR YOUR EGG BASKET

of Loving Too Much -- A Happy



This axiom is per the most widely accepted of all the truisms by which we live. The Bible states it, not once, but many times, and Bible narrative sets forth a great many pretty love stories, beginning with that of Adam, who preferred ex-companication with live to full paradistral privileges without her. Jacob courted Rachel for 14 years, and they seemed but a few days "for the love he had unto her." All history indeed, both profune and encred abounds in stories of love -its might, its endurance, its effeet upon the world and upon each person in it.

But, after all, is it not rather remarkshis that the consensus of the world's opinion is that love is good? Should we not rather say that love is the enemy of man and the favorite deputy of the arch

Adam loved Eve and lost paradise: Paris loved Hislen, and thousands of lives were offered as a hecatomb to her charms; Cleopatra loved Antony and loss both Egypt and her own life; Henry VIII loved a good many wives and cut off their heads so that he might love yet another one better, and so on.

"Charehez is femme," commanded the subtle diplomat when a puzzling crime or complicated mystery was brought before him. And he was wise, but in rather a one sided fashion, for if women have often incited men to crime or conspiracy they have also very often committed crimes themselves for the sake of some man, and have also allowed themselves to be used as tools that the man they loved might attain the success of a crime in which they did not sympathize. In fact, I do not know whether the disastrons effects of love have fallen most heavily upon the masculine or the feminine majority of mankind, but it is safe to say that 90 per cent of the results of love have been disastrous to the race.

And yet, and yet! Do we wish to do away with love? Had we the remodeling of a world, of which we so loudly complain at times, should we modify existing conditions very essentially? I love with its disastrous results. It is, in fact, our "dearest foe," and surely good Christians are bound to love their enemiss and chorish those who despitefully

Capid is not a benevolent deity; quite the reverse. In fact, he far more nearly resembles Puck and Ariel, those "tricksy sprites" whose chief delight seems to be in turmenting and tessing the very mortals they prefer to serve. But yet, and yet! We cannot do without Cupid. We could far "better spare a better man," and those whom he kindly refrains from tormeating are always vainly coaxing

him to visit them. Let us say, then, that love, like fire and water and air, is a good servant, but a had muster. But here again our own words mock us for are we not always declaring that love is lord of all, and, if so, how dare we speak of him as a bad

We can in a measure control conflagrations and floods and avoid evelones. while adapting fire and water and air to our own uses, but who has got out a patent for a love escape, or a love embankment, or a beneficent love trade wind, or a safety latitude for lovers)

So love is mevitable, love is dangerous; love is essential to happiness, love to dan-gerous to peace; love to a lad master, love is lord of all; love should be kept in subjection, love laughs at looksmiths; love, in a word, is a necessary svil, a most beloved forment, as kloi at whose fest we throw ourselves even while knowing that under those feet yawns the

Love is wish as and has come to stayearns to stay, in fact, before we were born. before the worlds were made, for love is the origin of all things and the end to which all things are tending. Knowing all this, it certainly is the part of retion to try to defend ourselves as well as we can from the tyrennous exactions of this servant, who is lord of ail, and, even while experly welcoming him to our hearts and beseeching him to make therein his home, to set up such defenses and provide ourselves with such retreats and hiding nooks that we may at limet ears a remmant of our souls to

First of all, I would say to women having their happiness more at heart in this matter than that of men-don't love

Miss women feel, if they den't exactly my, that they can't love too much; th smootings themselves to family that their whole lives, their happiness here and benealter, their every chance of even moderate content, is bound up in the love

Believe me, my friend, this is a great relatates. In fact, it is a series of mis-taion, for you of source begin by ensur-ing removalf and the object of your de-rotion that you are loving from with the ous love of your life. All that has gone before ine less a fully-all that comes after will— But no, there is nothing to come after; this love, this lave of love, is to endure for life and beyond death. Astrong upon this theory, the patient (for that she cannot love too much or too headly and estner pats herself upon the book that she is able to do the thing so

Now the first part of this compound residual to the thinking of your nesses!

LOVE LORD OF ALL tore offsite of infinorest. Love is fin-mertal, I great you, but the love of any one mortal for mother poor mortal is lungs to be filled with the divise icher of its presence; but this very desire is described, and the heart is constantly stying out: "I have it! Behold the pearl of great price!" when it only possence a Roman pearl of very insignificant price. The lover is always an itealist, especially the feminine lover, and adores not the actual object of her affection, but what she fancies him to be.

Then comes the day when the Roman

Then comes the day when the Roman earl cracks or tarnishes or is weighed the balance and found wanting, and he ideal is destroyed and the idealist

But if love loughs at locksmiths fate eighs at lovers and knows very well hat the broken heart will heal, sometimes without even a scar, and be all ready pretty soon for another attempt to fit the impossible ideal head upon too narrow or too crocked human shoulders.

A great mistake is to consider love as

a concrete condition; it is abstract. We love because love is immortal and we are made with as much necessity of loving as we have of breathing. Both are laws of our being and must be fulfilled. But we do not my, "I will breathe this particular region of air and never any other," for, however agreeable or however precious this especial air may be, we know very well that if fate removes us from it we shall find all around the giobe air as well fitted to sustain life, and that, moreover, we shall go on breathing, be the air more or less congenial, simply because it is our nature to breathe.

Now, probably this sounds very cold blooded and very commonplace, especially to persons just now satisfied that they have found the one great good and unchangeable gift of this life and another; but, however chilling to sentiment, it is the truth, and, after all, the coldest and hardest truth is better than the resiest delusion, for the one mellows with age and the other simply decays and becomes repulsive. Love in the abis very transitory, and when, as in a few cases, the semblance of love endures through life, it is because it has changed from love to friendship, which is in good carnest an eternal tie between two sonls.

Two dear, deluded, blind lovers marry, each supposing he or she has found the ideal being of an exalted fancy. The love and the delusion last for a certain time and then vanish as gradually and imperceptibly as ether out of an imperfeetly stoppered bottle; but if, during this process of disillusionment, the opening eyes of man and woman discover in the soul laid open to their inspection those congenial and admirable qualities -that counterpart of itself which the soul at once accepts as a friend—then these two gradually exchange the folly of love for the reality of friendship.

The two become tenderly attached to

each other in a perfectly rational and tangible fashion. They are good com-rales, sympathetic confidents, stanch and faithful allies. Very likely they still fancy themselves in love, but they are not a bit in love. They are far better off not a bit in love. They are far better off at Chicago, then continuing the journey than lovers; they are devoted and true to Honolulu, where the princes would

Now, then, having traveled round the circle, we come back to our first consideration, and that is the great mistake of loving too much, or rather of loving too

one of the newspapers, by whom or what about I have forgotten, but the refrain

Even this will pass away!

and the next morning I awoke finding those words upon my lips and their bittersweet flavor upon my tongue. "Even this will pass away" is the label that Destiny, with her inscrutable smile and sitying eyes, indelibly writes across every is of these the greatest. So, while he is ours; while the shining wings are folded so close that they disappear; while be, with adoring eyes and caressing lips, swears that his stay shall be eternal, let us not forget to whisper to curselves (but by no means to him), "Even this will

Of course I know that nobody will heed my wivice or turn aside in the smallest degree for my warning. From the time of Cassandra down the people who raise their voices in the attempt to warn their fellow mortals of the danger of their course receive either indifference or ridicule as their meed, and if they persist too vehemently are set down as mad and in these days carried to Bloomingulale. Nevertheless I run the risk and once again whisper in the ear of every lover, or rather of every loveress: Don't love too much! Don't merge your whole existence; don't set all your hopes; don't cast saids all other joys and hopes for the sake of this love of today which you fondly believe to be eternal, but which, in point of fact, is no more eternal than the sunshine which is bound to fail you after a few hours, leaving only night schind. The sun will rise again, no doubt, and its sweetness and light may be even more charming tomorrow than today, but - it will be another day; this

one will have passed away for ever. Ten, fifteen, twenty years from now you will, if you are a true woman, love mething or somebody with all your loving heart, but it won't be the someedy unless, as I said before, your and his love changes into a noble friend-ship. Look back, if you have already mehed middle age, and recall honestly and reasonably the character, the interlect, the manners of your earliest love meet him today just as he was then, you

I am sure you would not, for the man you could now love would not then have oved you, and the man you loved then has very possibly developed into a min-you could by no means love, just as very possibly you have quite changed from the woman of his present ideal.

And yet possibly enough when fate or ernel parents or his own fichleness divided you from that early lover, you vowed to yourself and him that you never would change, you never would cease to be his in heart if not in body, that you would go through life cherishing an un-dring devetion to him, and that in that mysterious beyond whither we transplant the hopes too bright to bloom on earth you would be his and only his.

Today you see what all that amounted to You recall, not without a binsh, that a year and a day from the date of those your found was homeing to your hear!

and don't wreck the whole fact because one little craft has gone to pieces on

Shall I put it in the vernacular? Com mon proverbs are usually founded on very common sense, and this one espe-cially so:

Don't put all your eggs in one basket.

A very pretty programme, in which a rather attractive young woman was in-terested, has been spoiled by recent events in Honolulu. The young lady in question is Miss Victoria Cleghorn. Her official title is Princess Kaiulani, and she is official titles Princes Kalulani, and she is

or was heir apparent to the Hawaiian
throne. Sas is a comely maiden of 17,
with dark eyes and complexion, and possesses the accumplishments usually acquired by girls of her age in English
boarding schools. Her father, Archibad Scott Cleghorn, is a Scotchman who has long been a resident of Henolulu, and attained prominence there by marrying Liliuokalani's eister, who bears the rather redundant name of Like-Like.



It was Mr. Cleghorn's expressed pur-pose to journey to England in May of this year to deliver his daughter from the bondage of the boarding school and bring her to the United States, presenting her to the president at Washington and show-ing her the wonders of the World's fair ascend the throne on Oct. 16, 1898, her

The failure of this scheme is perhaps ladies and children. fraught with more interest to the Princess Kaiulani than to anybody else. The gent American women lies in the fact that with the expiration of Queen Liliuokalani's reign ends the direct in of woman in the government of Hawaii. Whether those islands succeed in establishing an independent government or are annexed to this free and enlightened republic, woman will be reduced to the condition of vassalage that exists in more "civilized" countries.

CLARISSA CLAPHAM. THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

the Has Portitude Unbounded, Yet Now Inclines to Pensive Ways.

There seems to be a mode in maladies as well as in mantles, styles in suffering as novelties in dress. Just at the present time it isn't fashionable to have any playsical ailment unless it is something vague and peculiar under the general name of "nerves," and the odd thing about it is only the more robust and vigorous women, so far as looks are an indication of virility, that have this nervous prostration perpetually on hand. If a woman pale and delicate, she never will ad-

mit that she is not strong. The fin de siccle girl glories in bearing physical pain without a complaint. She will seat herself in the dentist's or oculist's chair as unconcernedly as if posing for the photographer and submit to the most painful operations without a groan; in fact, assuring the operator "that it really was less painful than she expected." A cardriver would cry like a baby if subjected to half as much suffering. But we are returning to the days of sloping aboulders, of parted pensive esses, of fallness and frivolity in dress. The up to date girl is sweetly submissive, not smart and self reliant. She wears flowers in her hair and occasionally even ventures in what the girl in the old novels is always doing, putting a rose in her bosom, your rose that you have given her. And she does it with such a sny and modest little blush. Now the question is, Will the "vapors" and "ewoons and "sobbings" of that period come in again? The Amelias and Delias and Caroince of that day were always in a dead aint over something. They fainted for by and fainted for sorrow. A girl of hat time swooned off when her lover proposed, and when she came to she was | fair is .- Truth lways lying in his arms, and of course t was all over and no use trying to tell a fellow about being a sister to him after

There was another feature about this awooning fit of the old time heroine, and that was that her dearest friend was always within call with the scissors to cut her correct laces. How is any one in this time of hidden honks ever to loceen a colice before the heroine passes over the border line in her faint? It will be rather difficult for the modern girl, who has trained herself to smile when her heart breaks, to dis rather than reveal her heart, to conceal her joy and preserva her serenity alike through death or divorce, to learn this graceful art of collapsing at at intervals all the way from the contern just the proper time to bring a wary entrance of the tundel was acced with

There's something dangerous to a cise instant that the one bumped vio-chivalrous man's theories against mar-lently over some obstruction on the rises to find himself suddenly with his track. Under the combined impulse and you will corely achieve it.

# your ideal, after all, and so on ad fin. Well, I don't expect to after the way of the world. Both as always been, so it will always be "seed a coulcrum," as the priests chant. But what I have tried to do, what I should be most happy to think I had done even in a small degree, by the world love, to warn lovers, to warn sepectally them done, sweet, ardent lovers and the country to the country of the country to the country t

WE OFFER FOR THIS WEEK'S TRADE

PILLS OF FINE FRENCH ALL-WOOL WHIP CORDS, ELEGANT SHADES, AT

THESE ARE BEAUTIFUL GOODS AND ONE OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE FABRICS OF THE COMING SEASON.

We open on Monday morning a large shipment of fine Silk and Wool Dress Fabrics in exquisite shell and floral patterns, direct from France. These goods are the most beautiful we have ever opened and we would be pleased to have every lady see them.

# SILK DEPARTMENT.

Our Silk Department is now the most complete silk stock to be found in this section of the country; we are receiving large shipments of the most valuable silks we have ever shown and in such quantities and variety as to suit every one.

We offer plain Chinas and Surahs at ..... \$ .25 per yard Brocade Changeables at..... 1.00 per yard 

at prices unapproached in this city.

# SPECIAL SALE OF EMBROIDERIES.

This is an assorted lot and worth from 121/2c to 20c per yard. Ladies should make selection of special patterns from this lot at once as they will sell very fast,

# DRAPERIES.

We have received a large shipment of fine Chenille Portieres, in elegant designs and new colorings. SPECIAL PRICES ON THESE FOR THIS WEEK.

# MILLINERY.

Our milliners, Mrs. Chapman head trimmer, and Mrs. Edgecomb head saleslady, are both in New York and making large purchases for the coming season. We are opening up these goods very fast and making extraordinary preparations for a very large trade.

Our importations of French Pattern Hats and Bonnets are now on the way; they have been cleared at New York Custom House and we expect them here in a few days. We shall make a large and fine exhibit for the coming season.

# SHOES.

We are receiving shipments of Ladies' Spring Shoes and are offering fine value in this department for

EVERYTHING STRICTLY AS REPRESENTED.

# TRANKLA, JAMIESON & COMPANY

THE BOSTON STORE.

arms rull of lump, signing, paie faced girlhood. He is more apt to call her pretty names than he would be if she stood radiant and defiant before him, apparently ready to laugh at his endearments.—New York Sun.

"Johnnie," mid the teacher, "which

would you say, 'Mamma, can I have another piece of pier er Mamma, may I have another piece of pie?"
"Mamma, can I have another piece of

page replied Johnnie. You are wreng. "Oh, no, I'm not. We only have one

pie at our house, and I cat a little piece, and mamma and papa cut the rest."--Pittsburg Dispatch.

Lucky Girl.

Mrs. Winterploom-I hope you had a good time at my reception the other

Mess Pinkerly-Yes, indeed, Mrs. Winterbloom, I slways manage to have a good time, ne matter how stupid an af-Unfortunal Shutbarity of Sound.

"I want to get off at Throop street," sail a young woman of resolute, solf processed appearance as she paid her face to the conductor of a West Madison street car yesterday morning. He predicted and passed on,

A few minutes later he went through the car again, and she impured; Have we get to Throop street seif" "I'll call out wen we git to Troop

street," answered the confinctor shortly A few minutes more had glided into the etlent past when a man at the forward end of the cur who had been hiscoughing quistly and uncerentariously the inclination to hiscough at the pre-

shock his mouth flew open and a convol-sive ejaculation escaped him:

At the sound the young woman sprang promptly to her feet, walked to the rear door, opened it, went out on the plat-form and waited for the car to stop. It was Throop street surely. Had she not heard the conductor call it out?

Yet the car did not stop. She pulled the bell rope violently. The car came to a halt, and she stepped off. A moment afterward the bystanders at the corner of West Madison and ngamon streets were surprised to see a young woman who had hastily glanced up and read the name of the cross street on a lamppost run along the sidewalk

shouting and shaking her fist at a street cur rapidly moving on in the direction of Throop street, six or eight blocks away,-Chicago Tribune.

If a scholar has little money for books, he should expend it mostly for works of reference, and so get a daily return for his outgo. So seems to have thought a

young man of whom an exchange tells a The agent for a new encyclopedia called upon the aforesaid young man and be gan to set forth the great merits of the

"No," said the young man, "I don't need it. I have an encyclopedia already. "Which one is it?" inquired the can

The young man could not remember. Neither could be tell who published it but it was a fine work, in many large

"Do you ever use them?" asked the "Certainly -almost every day." "In what line?"

"Oh, I press my trousers with them, They are splended for that."-Youth'r

Force of Habit. "I don't know what has come over our

son since he went to work in a shoe store," said Mrs. Haggins. "He was looking at a cadendar, and he spoke of the figure '6' as '5' and '4' as '2' Him mind must be guing.

"Oh," replied her husband, "that's all right. They have put him to week selling shore to the lady outcomers."-Washmatten Star.

Work and Watt.

If you have willits you an irredetable desire to accomplish some particular work, if you feel sure that you can do this brave work, then you certainly can

# Justice to All.

It is now apparent to the Directors of the World's Columbian Exposition that millions of people will be denied the pleasure of becoming

# World's Fair Souvenir Coins The Official Souvenir

of the Great Exposition

The extraordinary and growing demand for these Coins, and the desire on the part of the Directors that equal opportunities may be afforded for their purchase, have made it necessary to enlarge the channels of distribution. To relieve themselves of some responsibility, the Directors have invited

# THE MERCHANTS

Throughout the Nation to unite with the Banks in placing Columbian Haff-Dollars on sale. This is done that the masses of the people, and those living at remote points, may be afforded the best possible opportunity to obtain the Coins.

# THE FORTUNATE POSSESSORS

of SOUVENIR COINS will be those who are earliest in seizing upon these

### \$10,000 Was Paid For The First Coin They are all alike, the issue is limited, and time must enhance their

value. The price is One Dollar each. HOW TO GET THE COINS:

Go to your nearest merchant or banker, as they are likely to have them. If you cannot procure them in this way, send direct to us, ordering not less than Five Coins, and remitting One Dollar for each Coin ordered. Send instructions how to ship the Coins and they will be sent free

of expense. Remit by registered letter, or send express or post-office money order, or bank draft to Treasurer World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill.